

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

Joys have three stages. Hoping, Having and Had.
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad.
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we had is its ghost.
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown, or the joy we have clasped and lost?
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE GRAY WOLF.

Here is what was recounted to us by the old Marquis d'Arville after dinner at the house of the Baron des Ravel, Saint-Hubert.

We had started a stag during the day. The marquis was the only one of the guests who had not taken part in the pursuit. He never indulged in the chase. During the entire time of the repast we had talked of little else than the massacre of animals. Even the women interested themselves in the sanguinary and often incredible tales, and the speakers mimicked the attacks and the combats between men and beasts, gesticulating with their arms and conversing in excited tones.

M. d'Arville spoke well, with a certain air of poetry, a trifle sonorous, but full of effect. He had often repeated this history, therefore he spoke fluently, not hesitating to find choice words in which to depict his images.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have never hunted, nor did my father, my grandfather or my great-grandfather. This last was the son of a man who hunted more than all of you. He died in 1764. I will tell you how.

"He was named Jean, was married and was the father of this child, who was my great-grandfather, and he lived with his younger brother, Francois d'Arville, in our chateau in the midst of a forest in Lorraine. Francois d'Arville had remained a bachelor through love of the chase. These two hunted from one year's end to the other, without repose, without stop, without lassitude. They loved nothing else, understood nothing else, talked of nothing else, lived for nothing else than the chase. This terrible, inexorable passion possessed them to the heart, had invaded them entirely, leaving no place for anything else.

"They had prohibited any one from interrupting them during the chase for any purpose whatever. My great-grandfather was born while his father was following a fox, and Jean d'Arville, instead of interrupting the run, swore, 'In the name of the saints, the rascal might better have waited until after the hunt!'

"His brother Francois was even more carried away by this passion than himself. From the time he arose in the morning he went to see the dogs, then the horses, then the shot birds in the immediate vicinity of the chateau, up to the time of leaving to start some larger game. They were known throughout the neighboring country as M. le Marquis and M. le Cadet, the nobles of that day not endeavoring like those of our own time to establish a descending hierarchy in titles; because the son of a marquis is no more a count, nor the son of a viscount a baron than the son of a general is a colonel by birth; but the shabby vanity of our day finds profit in this arrangement. I return to my ancestors.

"They were, it appears, huge, long, hairy, violent and vigorous. The younger, even taller than the elder, had a voice so strong that, according to a legend of which he was the hero, all the leaves of the forest trembled when he shouted. And when they leaped into the saddle to depart for the chase it was a superb spectacle to see these two giants bestirring their great horses.

"Now, toward the depth of the winter of this year, 1764, the cold was excessive and the wolves became ferocious. They attacked the belated country people, wandered around the houses at night, howling from the setting to the rising of the sun, and depopulating the stables.

"And soon a weird rumor circulated. They talked of a colossal wolf, with gray hair, almost white, who had eaten two children, devoured a woman's arm, strangled all the watchdogs of the country, and who penetrated without fear into the inclosures to sniff under the doors. All the inhabitants declared that they had heard his snuff, and that it had made the flames of the lamps flicker. And soon a panic ran through all the province. Nobody dared go out after nightfall. The darkness seemed to be haunted by images of the beast.

"The d'Arville brothers resolved to find this animal and kill it, and they accordingly summoned all the gentlemen of the country to a grand chase. It was in vain. They hunted the forest over and searched the thickets, but did not encounter it. They killed plenty of wolves, but not this one. And each night, after the chase, the animal, as though to avenge itself, attacked some traveler or devoured some cattle, always far from the place where they had been searching for it. At last one night it penetrated the pig stable of the Chateau d'Arville and ate the two finest porkers.

"The two brothers were inflamed with anger, considering this attack as a bravado from the monster, a direct injury, a defiance. They took all their strong bloodhounds, accustomed to the pursuit of redoubtable beasts, and entered the chase, their hearts provoked to fury.

"From dawn until the hour when the purple sun descended behind the great, bare trees, they beat the thickets with out finding anything. Finally, both furious and desolate, and astonished that all their skill had been baffled by this wolf, they were walking their horses along a path bordered by bushes, when they were suddenly seized by a sort of mysterious fear.

"This beast is not an ordinary one," said the oldest. "One would almost say that he had human attributes."

"We should have a bull blessed by our cousin, the bishop," said the younger; "or have some priest pronounce the necessary words." He ceased speaking.

"See how red the sun is," replied Jean. "The big wolf will do some wickedness this night."

"He had hardly spoken these words

when his horse reared; that of Francois began kicking. A large clump of bushes covered with dead leaves opened in front of them, and a colossal beast, all gray, sprang up and ran off into the woods. Both brothers emitted a sort of joyous grunt, and bending over the chests of their stupid horses they threw them forward with all their strength, rushing them ahead at such a pace, exciting them, urging them on with voice, gesture and spur, that the powerful riders seemed to carry their heavy beasts between their thighs, and to lift them up as though they would fly away with them. They went thus, belly to the ground, breaking through the thickets, crossing the ravines, climbing the hills, descending the glens and sounding the horn with full lungs to attract the attention of their companions and their dogs.

"All of a sudden, in this wild run, my great-grandfather dashed his forehead against an enormous branch, which split his skull, and he fell to the ground stone dead. His horse, mad with fright, disappeared in the shadows that enveloped the wood.

"The younger d'Arville stopped short, jumped to the ground, seized his brother in his arms and saw that his brains were pouring from the wound, with his blood. Then he seated himself beside the body, took the red and disfigured head upon his knee and contemplated the immobile face of his elder brother. Little by little a fear invaded him, a singular fear which he had never felt before; the fear of the shadow, the fear of the solitude, fear of the deserted wood, also fear of the fantastic wolf which had killed his brother to avenge itself upon them.

"Darkness was falling rapidly, and the sharp cold made the trees crackle. Francois rose up shivering, incapable of remaining there longer, feeling himself almost fainting. One could hear nothing, neither the voices of the dogs, nor the sound of horns; all was silent. And this gloomy silence of freezing night had in it something horrible and strange.

"He seized the colossal frame of Jean in his hands, lifted it up and laid it across the saddle, in order to carry it back to the chateau. Then he slowly started to return, his mind wandering as if he were tipsy and pursued by horrible and startling images. Suddenly in his pathway through the night a monstrous form passed.

"It was the beast.

"A shock of fright agitated the hunter; something cold, like a drop of water, glided along his loins, and, like a friar haunted by the devil, he made the sign of the cross. He was distracted by this sudden reappearance of the frightful wanderer. But his eyes fell upon the inert corpse lying before him, and his fear immediately changing into choler, he shook with rage. Then he spurred his horse and dashed after the wolf. He followed it through the copse, through ravines and through the forest, traversing woods which he no longer recognized, his eye fixed upon the gray spot which flew before him in the night. His horse also seemed animated by a unknown force and ardor. He galloped straight ahead with outstretched neck, the head and feet of the dead man across the saddle dashing against trees and rocks. The brambles tore the hair of the corpse, the forehead battered the enormous tree trunks, splattering them with blood, the spurs ripped the bark to tatters.

"Suddenly the animal and its pursuer emerged from the forest and rushed into a valley just as the moon appeared above the mountains. This valley was closed on all sides by immense rocks, without possible egress, and the wolf found itself driven into a corner. Francois then emitted a howl of joy, the echoes of which were repeated like a roll of thunder, and jumped from his horse, cutlass in hand. The bristling beast waited with rounded back, its eyes gleaming like two stars. But before offering battle the hunter lifted his brother down, seated him on a rock, and supporting by means of stones his head, which was hardly more than a patch of blood, he cried into his ears, as though he was speaking to a deaf person:

"Look, Jean; look there!"

"Then he threw himself upon the monster. He felt strong enough to overthrow a mountain, to grind the stones in his hands. The beast would have bitten him and tried to dash at his stomach, but Francois had seized it by the throat, without even the aid of his weapon, and slowly strangled it, listening to the stoppage of the breathing in its throat and the beating of its heart. And he laughed wildly, closing tighter and tighter his powerful grip and crying in a delirium of joy:

"Look, Jean; look!"

"All resistance ceased; the body of the wolf became limp. It was dead. Then Francois took it up in his arms, carried it and threw it at his brother's feet, repeating in a tender voice:

"Thine, thine, thine, my little Jean; there it is!"

"Then placing the two cadavers across his saddle, one upon the other, he set out on his way back. He returned to the chateau laughing and crying like Gargantua at the birth of Bantagruel, emitting cries of triumph, stamping with joy in recounting the death of the animal, groaning and tearing his beard in telling that of his brother. And he died in after years, when he spoke of that day, he declared with tears in his eyes:

"If only poor Jean could have seen me strangle the brute, I am sure he would have died contented."

"The widow of my great-grandfather inspired her orphan son with a horror of the chase which has been transmitted from father to son down to myself."

The Marquis d'Arville was silent. Some one asked:

"This history is a legend, is it not?"

"I swear to you that it is true from one end to the other," he responded.

Then a woman said in a soft, little voice:

"It is a fine thing to have such passions."—Translated from the French by Guy de Maupassant for the Boston Herald.

F. C. Aucott,

Best Paper
Without Gold, 6c.
WALL
Gold Paper 12 1/2 c. PAPER

Oil, Varnish, Glass, Paint and Turpentine.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S FINEST BURNING OIL.

No. 45 MYRTLE AVE.,
Bloomfield, N. J.

GOODS IN SEASON.

Mrs. Taylor's Home Made Plum Puddings in Bows.
Mrs. McCready's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. Taylor's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. Pierson's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. McCready's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. Pierson's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. McCready's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. Pierson's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. McCready's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.
Mrs. Pierson's Home Made Mince Meat in Jars.

Special attention is directed to our Superior line of Foreign and Domestic Colognes Toilet Articles, Etc. JOBBERS IN CANNED GOODS. Send for price list.

CHAS. M. DECKER & BRO.,
Importers and Grocers.MAIN ST., COR. WASHINGTON PLACE, EAST ORANGE, N. J.
TELEPHONE NO. 37.

Special Sale
of
Tinware and House-
furnishing Goods.
This Week.

Muffin Pans, 12 c & 14 c.
Preserving Kettles, 15 c.
Oil Stove Tea Kettles, 12 c.
Half-Covered Dust Pans, 8 c.
Wooden Handled Soup
Ladles, 4 c.
Hinged Canisters
1 lb. 6 c; 2-lb. 8 c.
Cuspidors, 6 c and 8 c.
Covered Buckets,
2-qt. 6 c; 3-qt., 7 c.
Round Trays, 6 c.
Pit-Bottom Tea Kettles, 6-qt.,
25 c; 7-qt., 30 c.
Heavy Tin, Copper-
Bottom Wash Boilers, 90 c.
Large Chamber Pails, 25 c.
Spice Boxes, 18 c.
Large Bread Boxes, 35 c.
Oval Foot Tubs, 25 c.
Japanned Coal Hods,
large size, 19 c.
Galvanized Buckets, 19 c.

Lord & Taylor
Grand Street Store. N. Y.The : Mutual : Benefit
Life Insurance Company,
NEWARK, N. J.
AMZI DODD, - - President.

ASSETS (Market Value) Jan. 1, 1892, \$48,930,278.05
LIABILITIES, N. Y. and Mass. Stand-
dard, 45,384,486.00
SURPLUS, by former N. Y. Standard, 3,545,792.05
(Am. Ex. 4 1/2 percent Reserve), 6,137,600.05

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second Year.

IN CASE OF Lapse the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are INCON- TESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; and all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.PISO'S CURE FOR CATARRH
Best Remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, etc.
Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

1858. 1892.
RUDOLPH BRUETT,
House and Sign
PAINTER.

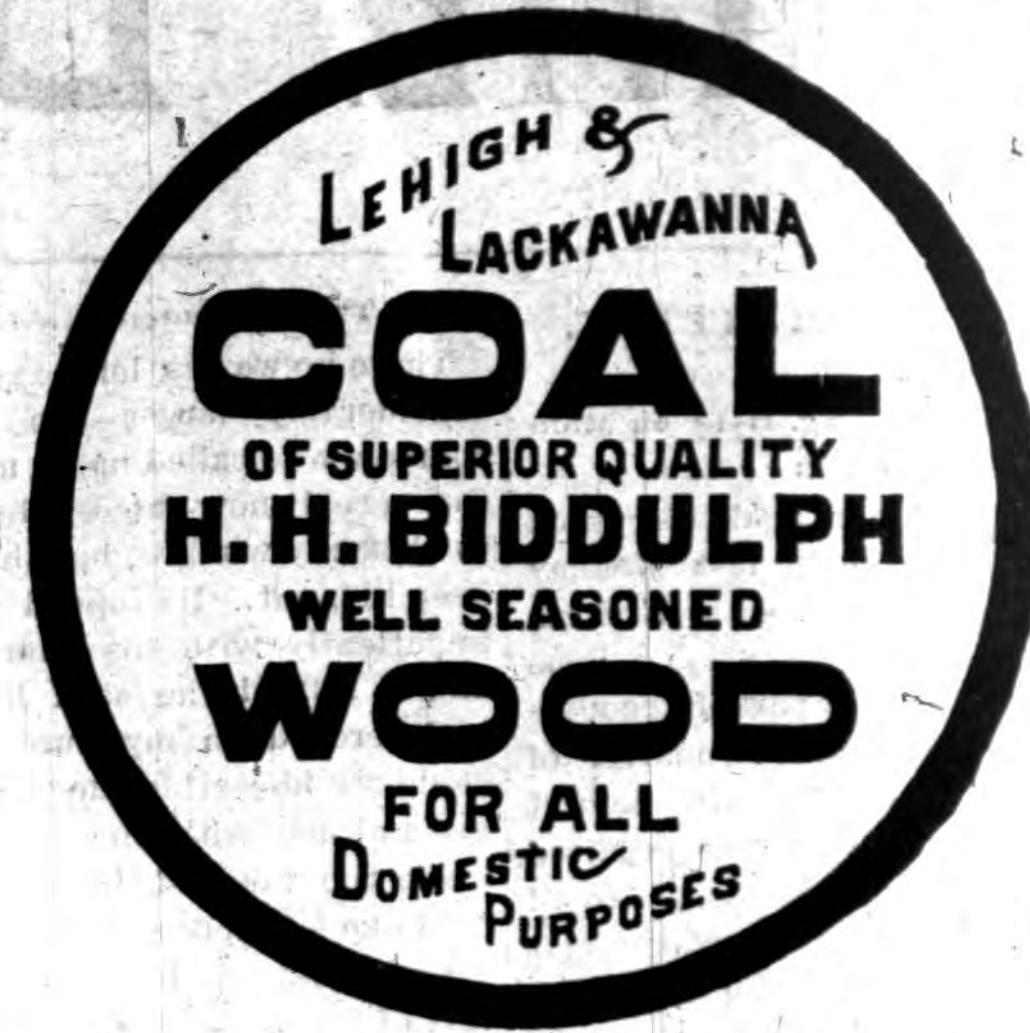
Wall and Ceiling Painting,
Frescoing, Marbleing, Kalso-
mining, Glazing, etc.; also
Papering and Decorating
Done in the Best Manner.

Will be pleased to show my sample
book of New Designs of Papers for 1892.
Samples of all different grades, with
borders and friezes to match.

I will maintain my reputation for
prompt and careful attention to all or-
ders.

L. DAWKINS,
Bloomfield Centre,
DEALER INFINE GROCERIES, PROVIS-
IONS, FRUITS,
Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, &cGUSTAV BRUETT,
CONTRACTOR.
Plain and Ornamental Gardener,RESIDENCE, No. 9 LINDEN AVE. P. O. BOX 361.
Grading, Curb Stones Set,
Drainage, Flag Walks Laid,
Macadamizing, Grounds Laid out,
Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved.ODORLESS EXCAVATING.
GENERAL TEAM WORK.
Special attention given to Moving Furniture
and all kinds of Team Work.Mrs. S. Brown,
Dressmaking,
No. 77 LINDEN AVENUEGEORGE RIKER,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER.OFFICE:
276 GLENWOOD AVE.,
OPP. D. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.
Residence, 76 Washington Avenue.BUY YOUR DRUGS
AT
WOOD'S PHARMACY

20 Broad St.

(Foot of MONROE PLACE, Bloomfield, and
YARDS: BLOOMFIELD AVENUE R. R. Crossing, Glen RidgeOrders addressed to Box 118, Glen Ridge, will receive prompt attention.
Bloomfield Office: PELOUBET'S HARDWARE STORE.Nathan Russell's REAL ESTATE
AGENCY.Property in Glen Ridge, Bloomfield, Watsessing
and Brookdale for Sale, Rent or Exchange.OFFICE, OPPOSITE THE BANK, BLOOMFIELD.
At Residence after 6 P. M., No. 197 Ridgewood Ave., corner
Clark St., Glen Ridge.Agent for the "Sun Fire Office" Insurance Co. and the Fireman's
Insurance Co. of Newark, N. J.Wm. A. Molter
Engineer and
Machinist.JOBBER A SPECIALTY
Engines, Boilers, Pumps, Shafting,
Pulleys Repaired and Set Up in Running
Order. Guns and Locks Repaired.Lawn Mowers Repaired and Sharpened
Edge Tools Ground, Machine Black-
smithing, Wood Hitching and Cloth-
ing Poles on Hand; also Tuned to Order.BICYCLES FOR SALE AND
CHANGED. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Also, a Full Line of Sunning
Bicycles to Hire by the Hour, Week
or Month.496 Bloomfield Ave.
(Opp. Race Street)
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Steam and Gas Fitter.

JUST RECEIVED
Large Stock of Garden ToolsDIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER FOR
Spring and Summer Trade.Also Lawn Seed, Lawn Fertilizer, Lawn Mowers, Lawn Sprinklers, Garden
Hose Reels, Poultry Wire, Mosquito Netting, and many other
Seasonable Goods.

All Good Quality at Low Prices.

SAMUEL : PELOUBET,
Dealer in Hardware and House Furnishing Goods,
Bloomfield Centre, Bloomfield, N. J.E. D. ACKERMAN,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,

316 GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR THE CENTRE, BLOOMFIELD.

Portable and Brick-Set Furnaces, Ranges, &c
Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Work.First-class work Done. Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates
cheerfully given.ROBERT M. STILES,
DEALER IN

JEDDO COAL

Hickory Wood for Grates.

Also, Hay, Feed and Grain at Bottom Prices

316 GLENWOOD AVENUE.

THE ORANGE AWNING CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OFAWNINGS, : TENTS, : FLAGS, : BANNERS,
Horse, Truck and Wagon Covers.DECORATIONS FOR BALLS, PARTIES, AND RECEPTIONS,
Nos. 246-250 Main St., Orange.Over Orange Savings Bank, corner Cone St.
Floor Crash and Canopies To Let. Awnings taken down, stored and insured for
the winter. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

D. BROCKIE, Manager.